[944] her shame and sorrow. Here again the father is excluded. The mother's brother should carry firewood for her and bring presents of food. In general he is supposed to shame unawareness, and his failure to do so may lead to reproaches and reproaches from his sister. The gifts and attention the mother receives at this time are considered an encouragement to care properly for the child, as though she would otherwise be neglectful. They also serve to assert the claim of the woman's family on the infant. There are instances of offend kin's having been so enraged at what they felt to be the negligence of persons that they have taken violent action. (For a case in point see Mangum's autobiography, page 111.)

§946 The father of the child, meanwhile, is supposed to refrain from any vigorous work such as digging, chopping wood, or rat hunting. He idles about, inactive and without any definite function, in a household centering around his wife and child, who are in the hands of his offend kin.

● 955 Should the child be sickly in the early weeks of life, the mother is sure to question the father about his activities during this period of seclusion. He will rack his brains to recall any infringement of the prescribed precautions. Once he remembers, it is easy enough to undo the harm by picking some leaves at the place of transgression, confessing his error, and at the same time urging the soul of the child to enter the leaves. He then goes home and strokes the sick child's head with the leaves, after dipping them in water. The straying soul returns and the child recovers.

§953 The father is obviously in a peculiar position. Although he is responsible for the child and has an intimate connection with its well-being, he is at the same time without any positive functions and has only restrictive obligations.

The extent of the father's responsibilities in the face of his disfranchisement is illustrated by a case where the child died in infancy. Fantan had already lost two sons shortly after birth. His lineage was deficient in males and he was unusually worried when the latest child, four days after birth, began to cry excessively and refuse the breast.

[748] His wife's kin and interested neighbors divined to discover which spirits might have been offended. The process was repeated several times, and each time it was Fantan who had to pay for the divination and for the animals necessary to placate the offended supernaturals. It cost him approximately two rupiahs and five chickens. Since he was working for wages in my service, he was particularly liable to be asked for payments in Dutch currency. The outlay represented about two weeks' work, yet he was hardly ever present during these efforts to discover and treat the source of the child's illness.

567 When Saamani heard that his child had actually been sold, he gave
623 her up, saying, "Now we won't get the child back. So we shall consider
685 her a person dead from violence and provide her with a human head
764 as her spouse." He then sent a friend to get a head from Fungweri, and
the friend returned with the head of an adult man.

593 This story has some interesting facets. It cannot be said that the per-
847 sons did not care for their child, but it is significant that they were so
ready to abandon her. They might have followed her to the village into
which she was sold and bought her back for about four dollars. That
would be the standard price increase for a second transaction on the
progressive sale of a stolen child. Instead, however, they gave up the child
and bought a head that must have cost them about sixty dollars, indi-
cating that vengeance and prestige were more important to them than
the child itself.

861 The opportunities for children to acquire attitudes of fear are not
always so direct and drastic. Many sources of fright are more subtle
and covert. For instance, if a child in racing about the uneven and
stony paths of the valley stumbles and falls, the adults will shout at him
in harsh and frightened fashion for his awkwardness. There is in the
community a very marked fear of even this form of accidental vio-
lence or injury. Its origin is not accounted for by the natives, and the
only explanation that occurs to me is a very legitimate fear of the infec-
tion that so often sets in where there are open wounds.

869 Late childhood is undoubtedly the period when individuals acquire
885 their fear of supernatural beings. Children are in full possession of the
775 speculation and gossip concerning supernatural malignancy or poison-
ing that surrounds many deaths. These supernatural spirits are every-
where, living near springs, trees, ravines, and rocks. It is practically
impossible to avoid their habitations; all one may hope is not to offend
them. Children who are their victims can be saved only by having their
adult kin perform the proper sacrifices, and such sacrifices are never
● [755] begrudged by adults. Long-delayed death feasts are sometimes given by
men whose children's illnesses have been diagnosed as the work of an-
gered ghosts. There is ample evidence to indicate that parents are thor-
oughly solicitous for the health of their children, at least within their
own cultural patterns. They are less convinced and therefore willing to
make an effort where European medication is concerned.

867 Similarly, during this period children must absorb fear of the spirits
775 of the violently dead, a category which includes those who have died
from accidents, warfare, dysentery, smallpox, and leprosy. The child has
every opportunity to observe the elaborate ceremonial and financial de-

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755 his soul is causing the sickness. A small preliminary sacrifice to the an-
426 gered ghost removes the immediate symptoms. Then the long-drawn
765 preliminaries leading to a feast are set in motion.

421 A less frequent form of coercing a man into ceremonial expenses is
426 beginning an undertaking in which he is then forced to join. In connec-
765 tion with the death feast given by the tumukun there was an example of such an involvement. The tumukun was giving a feast for his father-in-law. This brought in, although very reluctantly, the maternal uncle of the tumukun's wife and her sister. This uncle was held equally responsible by his female kin for the ceremony in view of the fact that there were no nearer male kin of the deceased.

Another case of forced participation happened in connection with the erection of a new carving of the village guardian spirit for Dikimpe. The person primarily responsible for taking the initiative and bearing the brunt of the expenses was Fantan the Interpreter, who had inherited this duty from his father. In Dikimpe the village guardian spirit carving had not been renewed for several years, nor had the spirit been fed. Thomas, who belonged to one of the Dikimpe lineages and was responsible only to a minor degree for the expenses, ordered a carving made and then left the major part of the activities for Fantan to carry through. It was interesting in this instance that Fantan seemed to bear no resentment.

A still rarer form of forcing a man into feast activities is through public shaming. A quarrel that resulted in a feast five months later is worth giving in detail.

578 Maugata, a young man of about eighteen, had done a few days'
593 work on the coast and earned some money which he invested in a crude kerosene flare and a bottle of oil. There were only about half a dozen such lamps in the village, and their owners were very proud of them. On Maugata's return from the coast his father, who was ill, insisted on burning the lamp all night. The next night Djetmani, a neighbor, borrowed the lamp from Maugata's father so that he might have more than just firelight by which to tie into bundles his newly harvested corn. On the third night, Maugata wanted to carry his lamp to an all-night dance, doubtless with the hope of splurging a bit. He found the bottle empty of oil and the lamp dry. He was furious and berated his father until his father, who was both ineffectual and ill, burst into tears. Maugata's mother, who is Tilapada of the autobiographies, turned on her son and scolded him harshly for his behavior.

578 Maugata left the house in a rage and found Djetmani outside. The two began quarreling. Djetmani threatened to break the lamp. Maugata

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In this connection, it is quite remarkable to observe the collapse into inertia that accompanies most internal illnesses. A person suffering from headache, cold, influenza, diarrhea, or similar illness will mope hopelessly in the house and be quite sure he is going to die. Kin usually rally around the sick person with a good deal of concern, and divinatory omens are immediately sought. If these are unfavorable—and there is never any thought of concealing the results from the patient—the depression is naturally heightened. The patient will sit in the dark, smoke-filled house without bathing, often refusing food, and getting no exercise or fresh air for days at a time. These factors, particularly when combined with a depressed state of mind, gave me the impression that it is quite possible for certain Atimelangers to die with insufficient physical cause. When the watchers hear the death rattle, they say of the person, "His breath string is broken; already his dying is finished (*beating tila sik; tuaw mowi kawgri*)." Failing a death rattle, the cessation of heartbeats and of breathing are also considered criteria of death.

In addition, a prolonged disintegration of normal conscious personality such as occurs in delirium or coma is also considered the equivalent of death. Signs of animation are thought to be simply manifestations of an evil spirit who has caused the death and has now possessed himself of the body. There is always a good deal of fear and distaste associated with such a situation. Under such circumstances the advisable thing to do is bury the body as expeditiously as possible. As a result people are occasionally buried whom we would consider still living. At least two such cases occurred in eighteen months, and Rilpady's autobiography gives a singularly matter-of-fact account of a near fate of the same sort. When this concept was discussed with informants they related cases of people who still talked, but who were so dead that their flesh had begun to rot away. From an Atimelanger's point of view this is quite possible, since sick people never bathe or move from their sleeping mats in the dark and often filthy living rooms. Under such circumstances any lesions could rapidly develop into extremely noxious infections.

The relation of such a concept of death to trance states is worth considering. Among the seers of Atimelang it is assumed that in curing-séances their familiaries perch on their shoulders and speak through their mouths. The seer is supposedly unaware of what he is saying. This might sound like a true trance condition. My observations, however, lead me to suppose that seers were far from being in deep trances. Their eyes were open, their movements and speech controlled and coherent, and their muscular tone normal. Supernatural phenomena seem to be the result of obvious sleight-of-hand tricks, which appear singularly

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If the diagnosis made so far about the lack of avenues for internalizing aggression is correct, and if, on the other hand, society offers means, such as wealth, to externalize aggression, self-inflicted death is not likely to be a highly developed personality trend. This alone might explain the absence of institutionalized suicide. In addition, when death may result from extranormal personality states, such as occur in delirium, coma, and insanity, it becomes clear why spirit possession is an evil and why shamanistic trances and intoxication have not been selected for social emphasis.

INSANITY

Before continuing with ideas of burial and death, it may be appropriate to develop somewhat parenthetically such other data as are available on insanity. What precisely constitutes insanity in the mind of the Atimelanger is as hard to define as it is among ourselves. The history of a "crazy" woman was given on page 107ff., and it will be recalled that essentially the charge was one of prostitution. Lakamau the Simpleton was not called crazy. There was one woman, usually fairly quiet, who seemed to have hallucinations and whose chief claim to peculiarity in the minds of local people was that she would run off alone and spend the nights hidden in the fields rather than return to the house. She was considered possessed of a spirit. She and the first woman were the only two recognized by the community as insane (*lira*). In addition there were many people whose "spirits would rise in them," which meant that they had occasional attacks of hyperexcitability and about whom one said, "They are crazy," using the term in the same loose and often good-natured fashion in which we use it.

Also available were anecdotes about four other insane people no longer living. The case of Fanueni has been quoted. The other three cases were all characterized by greater destructive vigor; all were considered spirit-possessed and their destructive attacks seem to have broken out suddenly. For instance, Matingmale had worked quietly all day weeding her sister's fields. That night she suddenly began to beat her brother-in-law. She ran off, killed pigs and chickens, broke off corn, reached into a pregnant pig and pulled out the unborn young, and made obscene advances to men. People tied her up, but she broke away and continued her destructive activities. People shot her in the shoulder, but she went on, ignoring the arrow still stuck in her flesh. She tossed a small child in the air in play and continued to kill pigs and generally frighten people. She was finally bound securely.

Her father sacrificed to the spirit supposedly possessing her, and she was normal for about two months. Then she had another outburst in which she held her child upside down by its legs from the door hatch.

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Melanesians the Atimelangers cannot be considered ghost-ridden. The interesting point is that these potentially malignant dead are always one's most immediate kin. People have two souls. At death one goes to a village below if the death has not been violent. If it has been, the soul goes above (*adiy bong*), and a spirit-bird ceremony must be given for it. The second soul is the one that loiters about the village boundary and against which precautions are taken at the time of burial.

It is at this time that the soul is particularly dangerous because the deceased wishes company. To placate it in this early and more potent phase of malignancy and to relegate it to the village boundary there are special feasts, the Hevelaberka held on the fourth day after death and the Hevelakang on the ninth day after death. During these nine days a few minor restrictions are observed by the family, including taboos on salt, bathing, and sexual intercourse. During that time there may be also one or two all-night gong-playing memorials (*sinevasi*), including the feeding of the guests who attend. It is during these nine days that there occurs all the ostentatious use of pigs and the incurrence of debts, which must be repaid in subsequent years, or even generations, in a series of feasts called Rolik, Baleti, and Tilu (also called Ato in its final phase). The first two of these feasts are named, significantly enough, after two ways of preparing rice; the first refers to rice rolls, the second to small woven containers in which raw rice is boiled.

The third feast can really be broken down into a number of ceremonies. To the whole series I have given the name of the first ceremony, (*Tilu*), which means *string* and refers to the purchase of either a sheep or a carabao for the final and supreme death feast after which the soul of the dead is banished from the village boundary and thus from interference in human affairs. The motivations for giving payoff feasts have already been discussed in the chapter on adults and institutions. The pressure of creditors, prestige, and, perhaps most often, illness of descendants lead to these final ceremonies. The dead become impatient and annoyed at the lack of posthumous prestige and manifest their displeasure by making trouble for the living.

As soon as an illness is diagnosed as the manifestation of a displeased soul, a small quantity of rice is offered it in a bamboo container raised on a pole. From here on, plans for a payoff feast should get under way, but frequently long delays occur, and it is hoped that meanwhile the small original offering will stave off the soul. In addition, the dead may withhold good crops if the smaller garden feasts are not made in the fields they have worked or if they are not named and fed at a series of new-corn rituals owned by various lineages. All this placation of the dead

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his belt. Fanseni sent for Manifani, who was noted for his boldness in burying lepers. Because of this specialty he always had in his possession a few odds and ends of mats, pots, water tubes, and such things used by the people he had buried. The following morning Manifani set up a bamboo pole about five and a half feet high. The end of it was split and in the crotch he wedged a piece of the leper's mat. A man who erects such a curse should not chew areca, smoke, or have intercourse with his wife on the preceding night. Manifani was paid one cent for his services, which indicates that financial reward was scarcely the motivation for the acquisition and practice of his particular skill. That evening Fanseni took a smoldering brand, rubbed it against the foot of the bamboo pole, and told the soul of the leper to pursue the thief and give him leprosy. He then left the smoldering brand at the foot of the curse.

The practical result expected from this procedure is that the guilty person will be frightened into returning secretly the stolen object. Out of many cases of this sort I never knew one in which a curse actually served this purpose. In the case of Fanseni this certainly did not happen. The following night his wife called that she had just seen a firefly set out from near the pole. Several people rushed out and tried to follow it, since it was assumed that the firefly was the soul of the leper searching for the guilty person. Fireflies are very numerous, so the people were soon confused and gave up their attempt to follow it.

Presumably no person except the one who puts up a curse may take it down. In theory even the owner of a garden or a palm should not harvest produce until the proper person removes the curse. Actually the pole usually topples over of its own accord and is forgotten or disregarded.

Should a person develop any of the diseases for which there are curses, there is surprisingly little interest in trying to connect the illness and a specific theft. Correlatively, there is in the culture no concept of cure through confession. Repeatedly I brought up this question in relation to particular individuals only to have informants shrug off the question with a casual admission that possibly they were suffering from some curse against theft, but never have I seen curses included in divinations used to determine the sources of illness. An illness is not a source of shame, and it will be recalled that shame, not a sense of guilt, is the dominant sanction in Atimelang life.

This procedure all goes to indicate the automatic and essentially impersonal quality of curses. Also, although curses are in fairly common use and are of many varieties, they are probably no more numerous

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X 159 200 Manitul
857 and Lakawati had a wealth-reckoning contest [in play]. They used shields of bamboo and hunted rats. They reckoned rats, and Manitul had a hundred and eighty, while Lakawati had a hundred and ninety. They also killed night birds and civet cats; there were seven of them. They made bamboo spears and threw them. They shouted defiance at each other. We boys from Ruatsug took our rat jaws [as adults use pig jaws to record the number slaughtered] and added them to Lakawati's. We reckoned with Lakawati. The older people said, "You have been playing with sacred things, so now you must make a sacrifice to the bamboo spears. Then you must not be cross with each other any more but play together nicely, eat together, and chew areca together. Don't quarrel any more." [Informant smiled broadly at this childish imitation of a serious adult wealth-reckoning contest called *tatah*.]

X 159 Five years later I went again to blacken my teeth, this time below Karieta. There were twelve girls and eight men. We boys hunted rats. We were there seven days. The men paid the leader thirteen arrows, and the girls cooked twelve places of rice rolls. We ate seven of them and five were used to pay the leader.

When I was about sixteen I was crazy and sick for about a month and a half because two kinds of spirits [*kari* and *loku*] were fighting in me. The loku spirit was called Manibiki. One day I went hunting rats and passed by Fuida, where the evil spirit [*kari*] called Fuimau lived. She must have followed me. That night I went home to Ruatsug and was not sick. But the next day I talked only at random [i.e., irresponsibly]. I didn't eat or drink for three days. I kept saying, "Hail to me. Hail to me. I am Manibiki. I go to my father. I go to my father." [Manibiki was the name of the male loku spirit that possessed him and that was fighting in him with the female kari spirit, Fuimau.] Manimale and Malefani both made loku medicine for me to drink. Father made kari medicine for me to drink, but I did not get better. So after five days they carried me to Alurkowati. This was because Padama of Alurkowati had a loku spirit to whom he sacrificed. They carried me in a scarf like a baby and beat a gong the whole way. I didn't feel sick, but I talked crazily. In Alurkowati Padama rubbed my body and extracted Manibiki, urging him to come out of me to eat [sacrificed] rice and chicken. Padama also pulled a bone [considered a loku arrow] out of my throat. He pulled the crazy words out of my mouth. But again I spoke wildly. Manibiki came back and said [through Mangma's mouth], "I have been extracted, but the evil spirit [*kari*] is still there."

Five different seers worked over me. They built a big fire of eucalyptus and held my eyes over the smoke to chase out the evil spirit

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[*kari*]. Manifani came to doctor me and I felt better. He said, "Did I help you or not?" I said he had helped me. I told him about all the spirits I saw sitting around us. Manifani was pleased and said he would get arecs for us to chew. But when he came back I was crazy again. Then Manifani pulled the evil spirit [*kari*] out of my windpipe. 159x 755

All the time I was sick; I didn't remember what I was saying. People wanted to bury me while I was still talking, but father would not let them. He told them to wait until my body started rotting. One night I was sleeping, and father was sleeping beside me to keep watch. I threw out my arm and began rubbing and pulling at my father's stomach. Father woke up. I was groping around for my loincloth. Father said, "Oh, he is already better; he remembers his loincloth." He asked me if I wanted anything to eat, and I said I did, so they gave me some of the [sacrificial] rice that Padama had cooked to feed his loku spirit. After that I wasn't crazy any more. 159x

When I was better but still staying in the house, I saw my guardian spirits [*tinang*] for the first time. There were many people [spirits] in the house, but I was the only one who saw them. They were wearing shields and carrying weapons. There were many of them and they were rushing back and forth in the house. These spirits were Lanma-Malema, Telakang-Telabiki, and Bikilaing-Kanglaing. [These represent three pairs of brothers.] At that time I stopped eating peas and bananas [a food taboo imposed by his guardian spirits]. These were the spirits I received from my ancestors. 159x 787 [262]

Now I eat peas and some bananas. I don't follow my guardian spirits any more. When they first came they said they would shoot evil spirits [*kari*]. Their place is a tree in Afengberka and one in Old Karieta. I used to feed them [i.e., make sacrifices], but now I don't feed them there or in my house. They used to come often before I was married, but now they don't come any more. I haven't seen them much since I married. Now I have to call them with a gong. But I can still see evil spirits [*kari*] and ghosts [*hanoting*].

[Question.] I have cured five people and have been given a pig each time for it. [Very large payments.] If a person has been shot [supernaturally], I rub the place with areca and pull the thing out. I can't show what I extract. I have to hide it. I can extract pebbles [*bikey*] and poison, but I can't extract [supernatural] arrows. 159x

November 29, 1938

Today I want to talk of my food taboos. When my grandfather died my father kept them, and when my father died I kept them. I cannot eat 159x 262

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Kewaimau also put a bean in her ear, and she cried. I saw the bean there. I took a needle and fished it out very carefully. [He demonstrated with gestures.] The bean fell out then and blood flowed.

May 18, 1939

Last night I dreamed and when I awoke this morning I told about it. I dreamed I was guarding people who were repiling the stone cairns in their fields. I said, "These stone cairns make the gardens small. Make walls on the boundaries instead." I was just standing guard over their work to see that it was done. [This order was actually given out two days ago by the officials and was relayed to the villagers by their chiefs. Was Malelaka giving himself governmental powers in this dream, or was he trying to impress me? This work would soon be actually done, and perhaps he thought I might not know of the order.] I watched and watched until the fields of all the three villages were finished. I awoke and the roosters were crowing. Then I went back to sleep and dreamed again.

The earthquake had come. People beat gongs and mokos and ran around. I said, "Don't beat gongs and mokos. It is as though you were calling people to give them to the earthquake. Sit quietly." But the people did not stop. Suddenly a big noise came from the mountains and all the houses fell down. I said, "You did not follow my words, and now it has come full force." If my dream is true, it means that next month a big earthquake must come. If not an earthquake, then another big wind. When the earthquake came, I saw the large houses were all askant and the small ones were all down. Then my dream broke off.

[He continued immediately with the following.] If a familiar spirit extracts an object from a sick person and the sick person doesn't pay well or doesn't do right, the stone returns to his body. Last year Lonfani [his wife] got sick and people came and took out flints, sea pebbles, and plate chips. One hundred and fifty they extracted. They would take one out and in a little while she would cry and they would take out another. This year I paid a pig for all this work. But now she is sick again and they have already taken out fifteen. Each day they take out one, and I pay three cents or five cents each time. I throw away five cents. I throw away three cents. Last year I threw away one rupiah and fifty cents. Now I already have thrown away ten cents. Maybe the seer is deceiving us. Does he take one out and put it back again? [Who is the seer?] It is Rilpada. Formerly, when his father was a seer, his father would put a stone in his mouth first and then suck and pretend to draw it out as he sucked. But Rilpada is different. He pulls them out with his

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hands. He says, "Look while I pull them out." Then he pulls them out with his fingers. I told my wife that if the seer didn't cure her, she could drink something else. [Was he hinting at medical care from me? Note how indirect all approaches are. I said nothing, and he went on.] That is finished. We can talk of my familiar—a civet cat that turned into a human being.

Once I was sleeping with Kafelkalieta at Manifula. We were guarding the field of sun corn. Each afternoon and evening I shot rats but didn't hit them. Once I went to the jungle near there and sat down. After a bit a large civet cat came and ate corn. I had only a bird arrow with me, so I used it. It hit the cat's head but didn't stick in. I looked and suddenly a man stood there. The man said, "You have shot me. Another time I won't come back to eat your corn. If you hadn't shot me, I surely would have come back. If we come to your house to take chickens, even if they sleep under the eaves of your house, don't chase us. I was a good friend of your grandfather, Senmani, so don't shoot me." [Malelaka here interpolated that his grandfather once saw a large eel going over dry land at Manifula, and whenever it brushed against grass or twigs it was as though a large man had passed by. His grandfather built a spirit altar there, after which gongs and mokos poured in.] This man said, "If you find something the next time you dig for rats, you must not be afraid." The next day I found a rathole. At first it was small, but as I dug, it became larger. I dug as far as the nest. It was a very large one and I pulled it out. I looked in it and there were areca palm fibers in it, as if a man had put them there. There were also floor boards of split bamboo in the nest. But there was only one small mouse. I was afraid and ran away.

Another time I found a honey hole, and later we went back to get the comb. I saw then that the honey had gone and that a green snake slept in the hole. Then the spirit at Manifula said, "How is it that you did not take what you saw the first time? If you don't hurry and take what you find, it disappears. It does not really disappear, but people hide it."

Once I wanted to take beans from our field and mother hit me for picking them, so I ran off. As I ran, I tripped, fell, and slid down a steep slope. My grandmother, Malleimai, said, "If you hit this child, our grandparents [a euphemism for evil spirit] may come and help your hand, and you may kill him. If you chase the child and he runs away, our grandparents, or perhaps some other evil spirit, may come and hide him." When I ran and fell, the beans spilled out of my basket. As I

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sale of a moko. Padatinseng now had control of Malikaliess's soul and was using it to form an alliance with Fantan. The results of this alliance were indicated in the last episode on the sale of a moko. Fantan, however, gave as the reason for the new alliance the fact that Padatinseng's familiar spirit and his father's were brothers. 159X

The Birth and Death of His Child

March 23, 1939 to April 1, 1939

The reader will remember that Fantan's wife was in the fourth month of pregnancy at the time of the divorce proceedings described in the latter part of his autobiographical sequence. When Fantan gave his life history he made almost no reference to the fact that he had already lost two children shortly after their birth.

On March 23 Fantan announced casually that his son had been born the preceding night. He was reticent about it, although he seemed pleased. Concerning the five days of his wife's confinement and the attendant ceremonies he offered no comments. When I questioned him he gave depersonalized ethnographic descriptions except where payments to various persons were involved.

On March 29 Fantan reported that his child was crying constantly and refused the breast. Divination had been used and among the suspected malignant influences was the crab spirit of Manifula, which Fantan had encountered as a child. Also, there was some question of a breach of the paternal postbirth taboo. Fantan racked his brain and finally recalled that he had helped me plant some young trees two days after his child's birth. He attended immediately to the sacrifices and ritual necessary to counteract these deleterious influences. All during the day he was preoccupied and was constantly listening for the outbreak of wailing at his house, which would announce the death of his child. I urged him to go home but he refused, saying there was nothing he could do. [illegible]

The next morning he said nothing about his child except that it seemed no better and was crying incessantly. At about noon the wailing for which he had been listening broke out. We went immediately to his house. Fantan did not go up to see his wife and child but sat outside, as custom required. An older man who had been trying to doctor the child was there and attempted rough comfort by commencing, "Oh, it was only hung on the edge of the thatch," meaning that the child was still small and of no great consequence. In the house Fantan's wife held the dead child in her arms, wailing over it in the formal fashion but with

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like me. She would come to fondle my child. I would say to her, "Why do you always come to fondle my child?" It was I who fought with her. She liked me by then. When we fought I said, "If it hadn't been for me, perhaps your husband would not have had any children. We are both women, but you had only one child and it died. How is it that our husband doesn't help me work in the fields? If he wanted to help me, he would care for the child so that I could go work in the fields." My child fell sick, so I went to stay at the Lonwati lineage house with Lakakalieta and Kolkalieta [a maternal uncle and his wife]. I stayed and stayed, until the child was a little better. Then I went to stay with Padakalieta. After that Langmai built a field house in Old Atimelang, and we lived there together.

Before my child was sick Langmai built a field house in Atimelang. Fiyekalieta and Lankalieta came to stay with me there. One day Lankalieta set our house afire [by mistake]. As a result the village burned down. I paid a large pig for the destruction of Kolwati [a lineage house]. For another lineage house I also paid a large pig. I paid for all the large houses. [Compare Tilapada's account, December 16.] When Langmai wanted to make me another field house in Atimelang, the people said, "You have burned the village. If you stay here, you will get sick." We said, "Even if we are sick, we are going to make our house here. This is our village." But we didn't get sick.

While we were living in Atimelang, Langmai was sick and almost died. His first wife, Lonmale, took him to Rualmasang, but he didn't get well fast. So Lonmale took him to Alurkowati. Padamai took my son, who was still small, to see his father. Langmai wept and wept when he saw his son. Late in the evening Padamai brought the child home. I said, "How is it that you come home when the sun has almost set, and haven't brought the child in a carrying scarf but only in your bare arms?" I was angry with him. After this Langmai was no longer happy in Alurkowati. He thought, "Perhaps I shall die here before seeing my wife and child." Then Langmai moved to Paorkaivi, where there was an empty field house. I was there cutting weeds. I didn't know he was near, and he didn't see the smoke of my fire. That evening I went back to the village. People told me that Langmai and Lonmale were there at Paorkaivi. That night Langmai dreamed. Someone came to him and said, "People who fall from high areca palms must die. However, your medicine is at the root of the eucalyptus tree near Manifule. Go fetch it; pound it up, soak it in water, and drink it. Then you will urinate. In a day or two your body will be as strong as usual."

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He did what the dream indicated and then he did indeed urinate. His sickness was that he couldn't urinate because a lump of lime closed the opening of his penis. When he urinated after drinking the medicine, he saw that stones came out first. He saw that his urine was black like charcoal. He said, "Oh, it is true. I am urinating charcoal because I burned the village. That is why I am sick." After that he began to sweat. He felt better. He returned to the village and lived with me and the children. 159[c] 158

April 3, 1939

Last night I dreamed that I went toward the coast with Mallang [her youngest son] to cut woods. [Here Kolangkaliets listed a series of place names; she went to her garden and saw that rats had eaten much of her rice; she weeded to the edges of the fields and rescued the remnants of the rice crop. After going home she set out again to get corn and beans. I asked if there was any other content to the dream. She said no. I asked for early memories.] 159[d]

When Fantan [her eldest son]* could just crawl, I and my husband went to Likuwetang to buy a Pitingia moko [worth 55 rupiahs]. We took much rice and corn in addition to gongs and mokos. The coast people met us. We made the exchange and started back. [She stated just where they stopped en route to eat and where they danced that night.] The next morning we divided the top of the moko in half with a line of lime and named half of it Padakafeli and half of it Atamating. [I interrupted to say I wanted personal anecdotes. She was blocked. I asked for anecdotes of her daughter Kolata. For other references to the daughter see Laonani's autobiography.]

There was a feast and we took threshed rice to it. Lakakaliets and Langfani [maternal uncle and father respectively] were talking together that night. As they talked, enemies of my uncle from Kafakberka came. They saw the two men through a hole in the wall. They shot at Lakakaliets and hit him near the ear. Blood spurted out all over the rice. Mother and Tilaleti [the informant's elder sister] took the bloody rice and threw it away. Tilaleti was already married at the time. We used the rest of the rice for the feast. After the feast we went home. Before long the smallpox epidemic broke out. Maralani [her youngest sister] was sick first. Then I fell ill. We came back here to Atimelang. People who were sick all came to our place. After my

* Not to be confused with Fantan the interpreter. This Fantan was the current chief of Atimelang.

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159 There I will get well fast." We set out, and I followed the path past the government camp. He took the one over Watahieng. I looked for him but did not see him coming. My body was still thin then; I was not strong. I cried and cried because I didn't see him. I started back to look for him. Then I saw him coming. Tilaleti, his wife, was carrying a small bamboo water tube. Padalang drank from it every few steps. He walked a short way and then stopped to drink. I said, "Father, perhaps it would be better to go back." I was afraid he would die. But he said, "Oh no, let us go on to Wailafeng." [Stop.] When we got there, I thought we ought to go home. I tried to lift my uncle, but he was already very heavy [i.e., the body was relaxed prior to death]. When I saw he was already heavy, I said, "Oh, we had all better stay here and watch over our father. There is a mountain between here and our village; we cannot see our home." So we stayed, and in three days he was dead. When he died water came out of his mouth. I took a piece of areca nut, rubbed it in his saliva, and ate it. After that I was well again. My body was not black any more. [Stop. Where did the
● 158 idea of chewing areca with a dead man's saliva come from?] Koleti told me to do this. She said, "When your body is like that, no other medicine will make you well. You must put areca in the mouth of a dead man and chew that areca. Then you will recover."

April 16, 1939

Last night I dreamed that Langmai's "female children" from Saima brought us three small pigs. I said, "We are not making a feast but they bring us pigs. When we make a feast, they do not come near us. What shall we give them to eat?" There was corn but no rice. Fanlang said, "Take one of the pigs, go up to Folafeng, and buy a can of rice." [Stop.] When I came back from Folafeng, Fanaeni was cutting wood at the foot of the hill and three large houses stood there. We decided to live there. Langmai cut down a large tree. He said, "We can't stay here any longer. We had better go to another house." Then I woke up. [Stop.]

Another dream, many years ago, was that a large black man with a nose like sharp, pointed rocks came and stood in the doorway. He said, "Your elder brother is in Kalabahi and can't come. His areca basket hangs here; you save it [a way of saying he was dead]." [Stop.] At that time I was staying at Atibeimanek. The man left and then came back. He said, "You are sick but you won't die. The people from Atimelang and Feba will all die; they will be eaten by dogs and pigs.

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them, we told them we would buy a sheep string. We paid eight tallies [IV[x]] to the Male House for that sheep string. [This was a recent ceremonial affair. I asked again for the first quarrel with her husband.]

Once there was a dance at Fuifangfana. I and Langmai went together. I asked Langmai for areca, and he said there was none, although I knew he had some in his basket. I then stood to one side in the dark. A young woman from Alurkowsei came and danced with Langmai. Langmai went off with her and gave her areca. I didn't say anything, but I thought in my heart: I danced with other men. For this Langmai came and hit me with split bamboo. When that dance was ended, I danced the next one with Maugpada. Langmai again struck me with bamboo. I was angry and chased him, and we exchanged blows. [Stop.] At dawn we fought again. Langmai told me to leave him. We both picked up split bamboo sticks [relatively harmless weapons] and fought. I went to Atibaimanek, where my uncle lived. Langmai came there and took away all his property. He went to live with an elder brother in a field house. [Stop.] Then Langmai came and asked me to cook for him, but I said I would not, because he had run away. At this time Ai and Ruaiberka reached an agreement, but she threw him away and went to marry a Makangfokung man. [Stop.] Langmai came back to me at Atibaimanek. [Stop.] He didn't stay long. A woman who was already married and had children came to him and said, "Let us go together and have our teeth dyed." He went with her, and they were about to get married when her husband came and said, "I shall burn down all the houses at Atibaimanek if you take my wife." Then my uncle Fanami said, "You must all stop blackening your teeth today, whether or not you are finished. People are threatening to make trouble because of you." [Stop.] This woman, Fakangmai, went back to her husband. I said to Langmai, "You make agreements with women and then run off to stay with your elder brother. I too had better run off." So I went to stay with my grandparents. [Stop.] I worked in a garden there. I had been there two months when Langmai's father sent a message, saying, "We cannot buy a woman twice. You had better return." [Stop.]

At this time there were two sick people at Pulamuk — Tikamani and her husband, Padaiang. I said to the messenger who had come from Langmai's father that I would come only after I had set with those sick people. So I spat on them [i.e., extracted disease objects] and they recovered. [Stop.] When the sick people recovered, they gave me a[732] chicken and rice, and I went back to my uncle Fanami at Atibaimanek.

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[159 your hope, you disappeared [died]. Now your daughter Kolmuni has
755 made my fire and is feeding me flesh and vegetable foods."

After that a kinsman made me a bone carving and a hearth frame, which I hung on the wall of the house and fed.

After that my mother's great-uncle, Fanmui, said, "My child, your mother died and all her spirits came to me. You had better come three or four times a month and sacrifice to the spirit carving I have for them." After a time Fanmui and his wife said I had better give them a pig and some cloth so their familiar spirits would help bring mine to me. They also said that when I cured a person for the first time and was given a pig in payment, I should bring them the pig.

People must have heard about me, because when Djetleng was sick they called me to come. I sat by the sick people and when familiar spirits rose in me, I talked. When they left, I fell asleep. At that time I began rubbing sick people and taking out sharp stones and sea pebbles.
● [156] Some had invisible wounds from evil spirits, and them I rubbed with soot to heal them. Djetleng and the others all got well, and each one gave me four cocoanut-shell dishes full of rice as payment.

[157 Some time after this my husband, Langmui, was sick. I was staying with my aunt and uncle at the time, and he came to live with us. I said to my uncle and aunt, "Old people, you have taken Langmui's money as a bride-price. You had better return them and let him go home. Who will sit with him? What one will treat him?" My uncle Fanmui said, "Don't be like that. Take care of him." I didn't want to, but I had to. His lineage house spirits were making him sick, so people sacrificed to them; but Langmui was still ill. Then my familiar spirit Lanmui came to me and sucked out from his abdomen the shell of a water snail. The shell was there because a witchwoman had given him areca to chew. I said to him, "You probably went to Abuiwui [a village suspected of witchcraft] and a woman gave you an areca nut to chew. Is that true?" He answered, "Yes, that is true. I went there to a dance, and three girls repeatedly offered me areca. Finally Malkaliwa [his kinsman] shouted at them, telling them to leave me alone." After two months Langmui recovered and his body was fat once more.

[Kolmuni gave several other rather colorless accounts of cures she had effected. She had relatively little to say about either her cures or her familiar spirits. She did say that the death of her first child was due to the visitation of two evil kinsmen of her familiar spirits. She discovered, after having fed them for some time, that they had been the cause of her child's death, and for that reason she threw away the water-worn